

words in the Bible could have nothing to do with my hitherto unprofitable career in life. Meeting-time arrived once more, and wife and child went with me to meeting. My wife at that time was not a Baptist. The people from far and near had expected us to be there, and I had previously united with the Clover church, which had received me on my experience. Several Elders from Ohio and Kentucky met with us, and I had the privilege of conversing with them all. They all unanimously declared they believed that the Lord had separated me for the ministry. I told them, if so, the dear Lord might not expect me to try to speak in English; this, God knew, I said, would always be utterly impossible for me to do. I could never learn enough to declare his great goodness in a tongue foreign and strange to me. But oh! if it would please his Majesty, our adorable King, to call me in the German gospel-field, if there were any such in this country, I thought I could forsake everything, and give myself wholly to the work. I knew the Lord would provide for me and mine in this world, but, I said, I knew also that in the English tongue I should never dare to try. No indeed, I would never be able to find words to express my thoughts, feelings, ups and downs, and to tell the people what I knew of Jesus and his love. And all the many brethren I met with at that meeting showed plainly to my understanding that they loved me with God's